The Devil's in the Details

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The Devil's in the Details

by SingingInTheRaiin

Summary

Finally, Will's revenge is here. His very graphic revenge. And maybe he realizes that Hannibal is more important to him than he wanted to believe.

Notes

I think this all counts as canon typical violence, but if that’s not your thing, skip to the triple commas (,,,) Also I think I’ve discovered that I kinda suck at writing torture, so I’m sorry if it’s no good xD

See the end of the work for more notes

Will felt like a predator as he stalked into the bedroom Sam was tied up in. He gave Sam a vicious smile, pleased to see that the man was already awake. He wasn't feeling particularly patient. Will glanced over at Hannibal, who had dragged a chair into the room and was sitting in it at the foot of the bed. He had one leg crossed over the other, looking just like he did at any of their sessions. The familiarity was somehow comforting.

Then Will looked back at Sam. "Do you even realize how despicable you are? You had absolutely no reason to drag me into whatever grudge you have against Hannibal. And you definitely had no right to control my mind and make me do whatever you wanted me to. Do you even realize how violating that is? Now I'm going to throw you a bone. I'm going to ask you nicely to undo everything you've already told me to do. Are you going to cooperate?" Sam nodded, and Will looked over at Hannibal, who simply arched one eyebrow in response. Will looked back at Sam. "I get the feeling that you're not telling the truth. But I'm sure you'll be more than willing to when I'm done."

He turned to the nearest dresser to deposit everything he'd picked up in the house so that he could take his time picking out each thing. He gulped, wondering how insane he was to actually be going through with this. But if he didn't, then Sam would be able to just get away with what he'd done, and that thought was just unbearable.

Will grabbed the bucket of legos he'd grabbed downstairs from the play room, and tried not to feel too foolish as he scattered them over a small section of the floor next to the bed. Then he untied Sam's shoes and tugged them off, tossing them behind him without looking. He knelt up on the bed next to Sam, and then rolled Sam over until he could be shoved off the edge of the bed and onto the plastic bricks. Sam was bound too tightly to catch his fall, and there was a crunch from where his nose collided with the floor.

He could see the amusement in Hannibal's eyes, but he decided to keep his focus on Sam. "Don't worry, I'll buy your kids some new legos. I'm sure they won't want the ones covered in their daddy's blood." He hopped to his feet and walked to where Sam was lying. He stomped down on Sam's legs and arms a few times, grinding the limbs into the legos. He felt vaguely surprised by how satisfying it felt. He wasn't sure whether he'd rather feel disgusted with himself or not.

Then Will grabbed the box of razor blades and pulled one out. He crouched down next to Sam, and shoved the man over so that he was lying on his back on the legos. If a few bullets to the back hadn't been enough to do much more than knock him out for a few minutes, Will was sure that he could do quite a bit of damage without killing the man. And Hannibal had said Will was incapable of killing Sam anyways.

Will started with Sam's arms. He counted out loud as he make two hundred little scratches in each, and blood was starting to spill all around. He'd definitely have to throw these clothes away. Or maybe burn them. Even if Sam wasn't human, his blood looked like anyone else's. Will looked over at Hannibal. "I've had to throw away so much clothing since meeting you."

Hannibal smiled. "And what a relief that is. I'd be more than happy to replace your wardrobe with clothes more fitting of your status."

Will sat back on his heels and reached up with one bloody hand to push his hair back. “My status?”

“As my consort,” Hannibal practically purred.

Will narrowed his eyes, but decided that now wasn’t the time to argue with Hannibal. He’d argue with him later, about how they clearly still had a deal in place. Though he couldn’t stop himself from feeling a warmth in his chest as Hannibal’s possessive wording. He turned his attention back to Sam, who looked sickened by Hannibal’s flirting. “You know I would offer you an easy way out, but you already turned that down. And at this point, it feels like it would be more rude to stop the show early.”

Will made a big show of perusing the tools he’d brought in, before finally grabbing the block of sandpaper. He took a moment to stop and wonder if he would ever be able to go back from this. Well, it wasn’t like he was torturing an innocent man. Sam knew exactly what he’d done wrong. But did that make it okay to torture him? He couldn’t go off of what Hannibal thought was okay. Of course the devil would have skewed morals. Or at least any devil that promoted murder and cannibalism. But he couldn’t deny the thrill that ran through him as he worked. It felt like his blood was pumping faster than ever, and he felt powerful. He felt… good. The same way he’d felt after killing Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Hurting bad people felt good, to put it at its simplest.

Will knelt down next to Sam, and then began to slowly rub the sandpaper across all the cuts on his arms that looked like they were already beginning to mend. It caught on each one, tearing them open all over again. When he’d given that treatment to both arms a few times, Will peeled off the used up layer of sandpaper to get at the fresh one underneath. Then he moved to Sam’s neck, scrubbing vigorously and watching as the skin went from pink to red before being scratched open into wide marks that vaguely resemble burns.

After that, Will had to take a moment to just breath. It wasn’t particularly difficult in terms of physical exhaustion, but Will felt some weird combination of intense energy and tiredness. Bored with the sandpaper, Will dropped the little block, and then cracked his knuckles unnecessarily.

He picked up one of Sam’s hands, not gently at all, then grabbed one of Sam’s finger and abruptly yanked it back until it snapped. Then he proceeded to do the same thing with the remaining nine fingers, until they were all swollen and crooked and bright red. Sam was clearly trying to scowl at Will, but it had no affect.

Then Will took the bolt cutters, and shifted so he was crouched down near Sam’s feet. He yanked the man’s socks off and lazily discarded them behind him, then lifted one foot. He grabbed the bolt cutters, and after just a moment of hesitation, snipped at one of Sam’s big toes. But bolt cutters weren’t the same as scissors. The digit was removed, but not before being loudly crushed, and then Will grabbed the toe and dangled it in front of Sam’s eyes. “How are you feeling right now? Just let me know when you’re ready for all of this to be done with.” Then he furrowed his eyebrows. “Well, it’s not like I can really trust you at the moment. I’d cut your tongue out if it wouldn’t be such a risk to let your mouth loose for even a few seconds. For now, I guess I’ll just have to content myself with cutting off a few other things instead.”

He slowly went about using the bolt cutters to take off every other toe on both of Sam's feet, and then looked at Sam's arms and neck, which were already mostly healed. Now he could understand why Hannibal said he wouldn't be able to kill Sam. It made Will wonder for a moment if even cutting the demon's head off would kill him, or if it would just grow back. Then Will decided that it didn't matter, since he had a surprisingly strong feeling of bloodlust in him at the moment.

There was blood all over the floor, and some had splashed up onto the wall and the side of the bed as well. Maybe they should have spread a drop cloth on the floor before getting started. Then again, it was Sam's house, so what difference did it really make? Will could also feel it drying onto him, and knew he had to look like a complete mess. But when he glanced back at Hannibal, there was an intense look in the devil's eyes, hunger and lust and emotions so strong that Will couldn't even begin to figure out what they were.

With Hannibal's very obvious approval on him, Will turned back to Sam. He still hadn't used the kitchen scissors yet. They were an inane and rather uninspired tool, but he could think of a few ways to make them hurt. Will opened the scissors as wide as they would go, and then reached up and very slowly began cutting in around the edge of Sam's wide, frantic eyes. He carved slowly, severing all the optic nerves and various tendons. The knife wasn't particularly sharp, which meant that Will had to stop and saw away every few millimeters.

When he was finally looped back around to where he'd started, Will carefully used the flat side of the scissor blade to pry out the eye. He'd seen dead bodies before, but had never realized just how small a single human eye was. He speared it on the point of the scissor blade, and held it up in front of Sam's good eye.

The demon was squirming and shouting muffled insults through his gag, and there was a lot of blood dripping down from the new hole in his head. Will used his free hand to grab Sam's chin and yank it forward to force the man to look at his own eye. "This must feel pretty violating, right? To know that I can just reach inside of you and pull out important bits whenever I feel like it? Maybe now you can understand how I felt when I realized how badly you'd been manipulating me. I just wanted to vomit and tear out my own eyes rather than have to look at myself in the mirror after-" he cut himself off when he felt the faintest pressure of a hand on his shoulder, and he took in a deep breath before slowly letting it out. "Anyways, I think I'm doing you a favor. Now you don't have to look at your own sickening face." He grabbed the bolt cutters and squeezed them around the eye. It popped open like a little balloon, clear gel dripped down everywhere.

Will repeated the process with the other eye, though this time there was no point in showing it off, since obviously Sam wouldn't be able to see it. He popped the eye right next to Sam's face, though, so that the little bits of fluid would splatter against the demon's cheeks. Will turned back to look at Hannibal again, though he wasn't quite sure what to say. Hannibal had a wide grin on his face, along with all the emotion that Will still didn't quite understand. "You are doing wonderfully, Will." He crouched down next to Will and reached out to cup one of his cheeks. "You look beautiful like this."

Will could feel his cheeks heating up, and he hoped that the blood spatters would be enough to cover up his violent blush. "Do you- do you want any of his organs?"

Whatever look that had been on Hannibal's face before finally shifted into something recognizable. Something predatory that sent chills down Will's spine. Will felt powerful at the moment, kneeling over Sam, but he could never forget that Hannibal was much, much stronger than him. Knowing Hannibal's strength only made the gentleness of his touch feel even more significant, though Will refused to think about why, at least for the moment. "Would you feast with me, Will? Celebrate your victory?"

And wasn't that a loaded question. Up until now, Will had adamantly refused to eat any human meat, and wouldn't even eat Hannibal's cooking unless he'd witnessed the entire process to be sure. Sam may not technically be a human, but he certainly looked human, and seemed to be inhabiting a human body at least. Both Will and Hannibal knew that giving in now would not be the end of it. Will would end up giving more and more. But would that really be the worst thing? Hannibal had protected him, and fought for him, and continued to pursue him. If this was all some joke to Hannibal, then wasn't he really taking it all too far? No, Hannibal seemed deadly serious. Will's heart was pounding in his chest so hard that he was sure Hannibal must be able to hear it, and his cheeks felt like they were on fire, but he slowly nodded once, not knocking aside Hannibal's hand. Then he pulled Hannibal into a hug.

There was a moment of hesitation, where Hannibal clearly hadn't expected that reaction, but then he returned the gesture, gently cupping the back of Will's damp, bloody hair. The embrace stretched on for several seconds longer than most people would consider to be socially acceptable before Will finally pulled away.

He gave Hannibal a smile that he hoped contained everything that was too difficult to put into words, and then he turned back to Sam. He wasn't startled at all when Hannibal reached around to put his hand on top of Will's carefully guiding him through the motions of cutting Sam open in a way that wouldn't damage any of the organs. For a moment, Will was worried that this would trigger Sam's earlier command, but since it was technically only Will's hand on the blade, it seemed to not count as Hannibal attacking the demon. Or maybe it was because Sam couldn't see the destruction taking place. Either way, the result was that Will didn't feel any sudden urge to turn the blade on himself, so he figured that they were okay.

They pulled out a kidney and a liver, and then Hannibal whispered into Will's ear that that was probably enough. He looked over at Sam with his head tilted to the side. "Now I must insist that you agree to undo every order you've given my beloved, or I will assist him in cutting out your heart next." His tone was calm and pleasant, all things considered.

Sam was writhing on the floor, blood everywhere, chest rising up and down rapidly, a sick choking noise coming from his throat. Tears and blood and mucus were covering his face, with more blood and and a clear, viscous fluid dribbling down from his eye holes with each gasping breath he took in. He began nodding rapidly. Will gently tapped a new razor blade against Sam's thigh. "Don't go getting any strange ideas." Sam kept nodded, making him look like a broken bobblehead, and then Will reached over to untie the gag and pull it away. It was soaked through with spit and blood. Several of Sam's teeth were chipped from how hard he'd ground them together.

“You’re released from all my influence,” he spit out along with a wad of blood. “If you let me go now, I swear I won’t ever even so much as look as either of you again. I swear it.” His voice sounded strained and weak from all the screaming he’d done, and the noise was grating to Will’s ears. So Will grabbed the gag and secured it back into Sam’s mouth.

Hannibal tilted his head as he looked at Sam, as if he were a dog that had just had an accident on the carpet despite being house trained. “Unfortunately, you already had the chance to leave the both of us alone. You’ve had years to wander the world and stay far away from me. I suppose the urge for revenge was too much for you to handle. Your attempt was amusing, but you laid your hands on what is not yours.” The holes where Sam’s eyes were supposed to be widened, which only made more blood flow forth. “Will belongs to no one without his express permission, which you did not have. You’ve caused great harm to him, and you’ve been quite rude to both of us. It is entirely unforgivable.”

Then he reached forward, plunged his hand straight into Sam’s chest, going right through layers of bone and muscle and skin, and yanked out his hard. Sam made a wet gurgling noise for just a few seconds before slumping down. His eyelids drooped shut, and there was no more struggling breaths. He slumped back in relief, and found himself leaning against Hannibal. “Thanks.”

“He’s not entirely dead yet,” Hannibal murmured softly into Will’s ear. “He could heal from this, but I will not allow it to happen. Why don’t you go clean yourself up while I take care of things in here?” Will nodded and got to his feet, feeling slightly dazed. He recognized the familiar tiredness that came when adrenaline wore out, and knew that it would be best to shower now before he lost all energy to do so. He stumbled out of the bedroom, and down the hall to find a different place to shower.

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Time seemed to not exist for the duration of Will’s shower. All he was really aware of was the comforting feeling of hot water raining down on the skin, and the mesmerizing look of the blood swirling down the drain. He scrubbed at himself to get off every fleck of blood. Not because it disgusted him (even though he was vaguely aware that it should) but because he knew it would be uncomfortable once the blood dried all the way on him.

Then he finally emerged from the shower, and realized he had no clean clothes to put on. Instead of scrounging around for something, not wanting to wear Sam’s clothes if he could help it, Will wandered downstairs in nothing but his underwear. He knew undoubtedly how Hannibal would interpret that, and found that he didn’t particularly mind.

He was slightly surprised to not find any delicious scents filling the air, but wandered until he found the kitchen again anyways. Hannibal was indeed in there, eating from what had to be a plate of the simplest looking scrambled eggs and bacon that he’d ever seen from the man before. Hannibal looked up as Will walked in, and then immediately did a double take. He did nothing to hide his appreciate gaze, and Will slightly regretted not having anything to hide his blush behind.

But he held his head high and walked over to the table, sliding into the seat across from Hannibal where there was another plate waiting. Before he could ask about the simplicity of

the dish, Hannibal let out a small sigh of disappointment. “For someone with so many resources at hand, he certainly did not put much stock into the culinary arts. But you look like you could use some food.”

Will blinked and took a few bites. Even when going simple, Hannibal still managed to make something that tasted delicious. When he was done, he leaned back in his seat to give Hannibal a curious look. “Why didn’t you use his organs?”

“I thought it would be best to save them for a more special occasion than this one.”

Will crossed his arms over his chest. “Are you saying that our first kiss isn’t a special occasion?”

Hannibal arched one eyebrow. “If such an even occurred, I remain unaware of it.”

Will shrugged. “Huh, you’re right.” Then he got up and walked slowly around the table until he was right in front of Hannibal, and even though all of his social awkwardness and everything he’d been taught about acting normal were flitting through his mind, Will climbed onto Hannibal’s lap and reached out to grab at Hannibal’s shoulders while he moved his own face forward for a kiss before he could lose his nerve.

He could tell that Hannibal hadn’t been expecting the kiss at all, regardless of everything else that had already happened today, and Will felt victorious just for managing to surprise the devil himself. And then he forgot what he was thinking about as he got lost in the kiss, refusing to pull away until his lungs were burning from the lack of air. He pulled back, got off of Hannibal’s lap, and walked back over to the seat he’d been in before, trying to maintain a casual air, and also hoping that Hannibal hadn’t gotten a good glance at just how much that kiss had affected Will.

He took a couple gulps of water from the glass next to his plate, and then leaned back to look at Hannibal innocently. “I guess you’re right. Not much of a special occasion there. Barely even a blip in my day, really.”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes and stood up, and this time he was the one walking around the table. There was a dangerous air to him, and even though Will felt mostly safe (Hannibal had already murdered him before) he couldn’t help gulping and feeling slightly frozen in place. Hannibal leaned forward, resting his hands on the back of Will’s chair so that he was caging Will in with his arms. “I suppose that means it’s up to me to find a way to make the occasion more special, won’t I? How about when you agree to be my consort?”

Technically that was a question, but Will got the feeling that Hannibal meant it more as a certainty of what was to come. Will narrowed his eyes, still feeling like he wasn’t quite entirely ready to give in just yet. “Hey, I haven’t agreed to be your consort.” It felt like an empty protest at this point, but Will couldn’t stop himself from saying it all the same.

Hannibal just grinned toothily, which was somehow scarier than most of his other grins. “I suppose I’ll just have to do something to change your mind then, won’t I?” and without warning, he scooped Will up out of the chair. Will’s natural instinct had him wrapping his legs around Hannibal’s waist, and then he buried his face in Hannibal’s shoulder to try and

hide his embarrassment. With them pressed so closely together, there was no way that Hannibal couldn't tell how he affected Will.

He said nothing to protest as Hannibal carried him up the stairs and into one of the guest rooms, where he gently laid Will out on the bed. Then he paused at the head of the bed, and just stared at Will, taking him in with the same expression he used when perusing art. Will shifted awkwardly, uncomfortable with such intense attention being focused on him. "What?"

"You may have chosen to kiss me, Will, but I will not force you into anything you do not want. I am more than willing to convince you to become my consort, but I need your explicit permission to do so."

If it was possible for Will's face to get any more red, then that was what happened. On the one hand, it would be a lot easier and less embarrassing if Hannibal just went ahead. On the other hand, after everything with Sam, Will felt very appreciative of Hannibal respecting his boundaries and wishes. Will spread his legs slightly, and then peered up at Hannibal from beneath his eyelashes. "I dare you to try and convince me."

Hannibal's grin grew even wider. "And who am I to turn down such an enticing challenge from my beloved?" Will wondered just what he was getting himself into. But he couldn't deny that his heart wasn't racing from fear. All he felt in that moment was excitement for what the very near future held for him.

End Notes

Fellas is it gay to brutally torture a man and then remove his organs to eat with your bf later?

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